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AMONG THE REDWOODS

LILLIAN A. SAVEY.

Among
the
Redwoods



AMONG THE REDWOODS

BY

LILLIAN H. SHUEY

Author of

"California Sunshine." Verse.
"David of Juniper Gulch." A novel. Chicago.
"Don Luis' Wife." A romance. Boston.
"The Humboldt Lily." Verse. San Francisco.

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THE NUMBERS.

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THE BIG TREE OF CALIFORNIA IS THE SEQUOIA GIGANTEA. IT GROWS ONLY IN THE SIERRA NEVADA MOUNTAINS. THESE TREES ARE OFTEN 320 FEET HIGH AND 30 FEET IN DIAMETER. THE TALLEST BIG TREE IS 405 FEET HIGH. THE GREATEST BASE CIRCUMFERENCE IS ABOUT 110 FEET. THE AGE OF THESE TREES IS ESTIMATED TO BE FROM THREE THOUSAND TO FIVE THOUSAND YEARS.

THE SEQUOIA SEMPERVIRENS IS THE REDWOOD OF COMMERCE. THIS FOREST EXTENDS ALONG A NARROW STRIP OF THE COAST RANGE, WHERE EXPOSED TO THE FOG, FROM MONTEREY TO THE OREGON LINE. MANY OF THESE ROYAL TREES WERE CONTEMPORARY WITH RAMESES AND THE BUILDERS OF BABYLON.

NEARLY ALL OF CALIFORNIA'S GRAND FORESTS, EXCEPTING THE SMALL NATIONAL PARK RESERVATIONS, ARE THREATENED WITH DESTRUCTION.

AMONG
THE REDWOODS.

BY
LILLIAN H. SHUEY.

I.

MENDOCINO.

A VAST cathedral by the western sea,
 Whose spires God set in majesty on high,
 Peak after peak of forests to the sky,
Blended in one vast roof of greenery.
The nave, a river broadening to the sea;
 The aisles, deep cañons of eternal build;
 The transepts, valleys with God's splendor filled;
The shrines, white waterfalls in leaf-laced drapery.

The choir stands westward by the sounding shore;
 The cliffs like beetling pipes set high in air;
 Roll from the beach the thunders crashing there;
The high wind-voices chord the breakers' roar;
 And wondrous harmonies of praise and prayer
Swell to the forest altars evermore.

II.

IN THE REDWOOD CAÑONS.

Down in the redwood cañons cool and deep,
The shadows of the forest ever sleep;
The odorous redwoods, wet with fog and dew,
Touch with the bay and mingle with the yew.
Under the firs the red madroña shines.
The graceful tan-oaks, fairest of them all,
Lean lovingly unto the sturdy pines,
In whose far tops the birds of passage call.

Here, where the forest shadows ever sleep,
The mountain-lily lifts its chalice white;
The myriad ferns hang draperies soft and white
Thick on each mossy bank and watered steep,
Where slender deer tread softly in the night,—
Down in the redwood cañons dark and deep.

III.

THAT CHARMÈD LIFE.

I LOVE that life, that charmèd, simple life,
The poets lived beside the English lakes;
That, if one page of Wordsworth speak to me,
The singing spirit of my soul awakes.

My soul calls unto them. Though flatterers come,
Though crowds pass by and mark my rich estate,—
New friends call often, heap regrets by mail,—
Yet on some grassy knoll old friends await.

Old friends await,—the great, immortal ones,
Who sing the love of field and tangled wood,
Of beasts, and singing birds, and murmuring bees,
And all God's works, that He himself called good.

There is a hope that, somehow, through the din
My heart will keep its love for mountain lakes,
For wildwood walks, and those free, gladdening thoughts
That nature's beauty in the soul awakes.

IV.

COAST TREES OF NORTHERN CALIFORNIA.

I AM the redwood tree.
By the cliff-bound western sea
I rear my temples green,
Leaving space between
My evergreen boughs for the royal red madrone,
The fir with fragrant cone,
And the slender chestnut-oak,—
That graceful tree beloved by the fairy folk,
Who dance on the needles brown,
Where the soft light flickers down
From my spires that touch the sky.
Up on the summits high,
Down in the cañon grand,
My shadowy temples stand.
I am the redwood tree,
By the cliff-bound western sea.

I AM the chestnut-oak,
Beloved by the fairy folk,—
Tan-oak they call me most
On the wooded western coast.
Slender and light I 'm made,
To grow in the redwood shade,
Till the forest vandals roam
To hew me down in my home.

My bark they carry away,
Leaving me stripped and gray,
Till the ferns and flowers and brake
My funeral canopy make.
When my sap runs up in the spring,
The vandal axes ring.
I am the chestnut-oak,
Mourned by the fairy folk.

I AM the beautiful yew,
Beloved by the rain and the dew.
My low, dense boughs I fling
Over the trickling spring,
Where the misty wind of the west
Is cool from the ocean's breast;
And the cañon is dear to me,
That is white with the fog of the sea.
My leaves like the redwood's seem;
But you see, not cones, but the gleam
Of berries small and red;
And instead
Of towering up to the sun,
I lean with the laurel sweet where the ferny rivers run.
I am the beautiful yew,
Beloved of the fog and the dew.

I AM the royal madrone,
Peerless I stand, and alone,
In my wonderful sheen and glow.
Red as the wines that grow

Among
The Redwoods

In the valleys wide and still
Is the tint of my bark in the forest greens on the hill.
And my trunk is smooth to the touch,
Like a polished cane or crutch.
My leaf is a rich, dark green,
With a beautiful finish and sheen.
I live in the forest cool,
By the springlet's grassy pool,
And the mountain side I keep,
Where the long fir shadows sleep.
I am the royal madrone.
Peerless I stand, and alone.

I AM the fir tree tall.
The redwood and I rule over them all.
High overhead, our tops pierce through
Into the sunlight and the blue.
I can see the ships on the ocean's plain;
I can see the clouds roll up the rain;
I can see the north sea-fog come down
Over the harbor and the town,
Then through the forest slowly creep
Up and over the mountain steep.
When on the summit's height I stand,
Many a mile I look inland,
Where through the forests the rivers flow,
And down to the wide, warm valleys go.
I am the fir tree tall;
The redwood and I rule over them all.

Among
The Redwoods

THE alder, the elder, the dogwood, the spicy laurel tree,
Lovers of creeks are we.
The sportsman knows us well,
Crowding his way through the dell,
To cast his hook in the stream,
Where the foamy ripples gleam;
And he tangles his pole and line
With many a twine
In the lowering boughs we spread
Over his careless head.
The hunter marks the place
Where we part a little space,
For down to the clear pool's ferny brink
The deer will come at the dawn to drink.
The alder, the elder, the dogwood, the flourishing green
bay tree, —
Lovers of creeks are we.

V.

IN HUMBOLDT.

The breath of the sea and the cypress,—
A misty and pungent air;
Shadows of tall trees bending
Into the bright sea-glare.

The white spray washing the headlands,
The white gulls wheeling home,
Dipping their wings in the breakers,
And treading the swift sea-foam.

High cliffs on the edge of forests,
Rugged and bare and steep,
Whence the hunted deer, despairing,
Leaps to the roaring deep.

On the edge of the cliffs, the forests,
Up, up to the mountains high!
Down in the valleys descending,
And rising again to the sky.

Solitudes,—lost to the woodman,
Far on the summits bright,
Or down in the trackless cañons,
Dim in the noonday light,—

Dim in the noonday fullness,
 Dark in the day's sweet morn,—
So sacred and deep are the cañons,
 Where the beautiful rivers are born.

Wonderful forests unbroken,
 The cloud-kissed peaks upon,
That swell to the sunburnt valleys
 And roll to the Oregon.

Shadowy roads winding upward,
 Through the silences solemnly sweet,
So tenderly thrilled when the warbler
 Sings in his sure retreat.

Breath of the sea and the cypress,—
 A misty and pungent air;
Sea-voices that seek the forests
 To hush into silent prayer.

VI.

BY STAGE IN MENDOCINO.

Winding the rocky ridges, up we go,—
Above the hay-sweet valleys far below;

Above the dusty town, the long, straight lane,
The trim, stiff gardens, and square fields of grain.

First, on the point above the bosky dell,
The scrub-oaks, and the dense, low chaparral.

The wheels and horseshoes on the rocky grade
Keep clinking-clanking 'neath the oak's dark shade.

Then, on the heights, amid the winds, cool-blown,
The springtime splendor of the red madrone.

I reach, and grasp a spray that comes in view,—
Sweet waxen bells with stores of honeyed dew.

Fair as the roadside flowers in sunny spots,
The Trientalis and forget-me-nots.

And now we reach the cañon's dusky ways,—
The mingled shade of redwood and dark bays.

The gray tree-squirrel springs across the road
And climbs a fir tree to his high abode.

And now the solitude grows dark and still,
Save for the trickling of the roadside rill.

The ferns climb up the bank; a scent of musk
Comes from the tangles in the under-dusk.

And now again to upper light we swing,
Startling the wood-thrush in his caroling.

A winding way. And there, below, we see
The long, white buildings of our hostelry.

VII.

SWEET COMPANIONSHIP.

I TREAD the bosky path beside the sea,
Alone,—yet not alone; for at my feet
The glad flowers press with speaking faces sweet,
To tell their names and histories to me.
All else in hostile guise seems moved to be:—
Harsh cries of gulls; the low waves' sullen beat;
The wind, that tries its voicings incomplete;
The fog, that comes in chill monotony.

The pimpernel, where tangled violets grow,
Whispers of English Maud; loved Wordsworth knew
That tall-spired foxglove with its bells of blue.
Their old romance the bleeding-hearts confess.
Would that life's friends to me might always show
Such sweet companionship, such friendliness.

VIII.

A LILY OF THE REDWOODS.

Tall on her slender stem the lily grows,
The princess royal of that vast domain
Where great sequoias stand in kingly rows,
Defying summer wind and winter rain,
Close-wrapped in long and mantling drapery;
Where cluster firs and pines in noble group,
Where up the steeps the oaks and laurels troop,
And bright madrones, a courtly company.

Proud in her slender grace among them all,
On her white robes the loving sunbeams fall;
As well becomes a princess such as she,
The love-lorn winds but gentle nods obtain;
The plumèd grasses worship in her train;
And 'round her rings in praise the forest minstrelsy.

IX.

THE RHODODENDRON.

In Mendocino, where dense forests grow,
The rhododendron lifts its clusters bright,
Soft gleams of radiance in the solemn light
Of shadowy aisles. In dim cathedral arches, so
Gleam out the faces our devotions know;
Nor in Saint Mary's face more beauties speak,
Or live in softness on her waxen cheek,
Than in these pink-hued clusters sweetly glow.

When first I saw this fair, bright-flowering saint,
Sweet to my soul came its beatitude;
My heart its gracious mission understood;
And while I breathed the forest incense faint,
I laid before the shrine my heart's complaint,
And bowed for blessing in the silent wood.

X.

CLIFF-FLOWERS.

On Humboldt's rocky coast, where mountains steep
Rise from the foamy beach, the crags and towers
Are oft the fated homes of brilliant flowers,
That clasp the scanty soil, where fierce winds sweep.
The hardy lupine like a purple cloud
Spreads with a softening haze each seam and scar;
The columbine hangs there, a scarlet star;
The daffodils and dainty asters crowd;
And sweet wild roses 'mid the chill fogs twine.
So we, how oft, unfostered must remain
In some rude spot, our faculties divine,
If felt, awakened, awed by force malign;
And not so much life's purpose we attain
As do the brave cliff-flowers 'mid the rain.

XI.

THE CLINTONIA.

In California, where the redwoods grow,
The tall Clintonia stands,—a stately sight,
Shedding in ferny ways its scarlet light,—
A lily in red robes, as if to show
A life more royal than pale lilies know.
The brooding firs, through winter's fog and gloom,
Dream of the time when these bright torches bloom.
This flower of cheer was loved by great Thoreau,
Through Maine's dark pines and lakeside greenery;
By our beloved Thoreau, ordained to be
A priest to lead us to God's temples grand,
Whereon the wonders of His skill are spent.
Fairest of these, the tall Clintonias stand,
The altar-candles of a continent.

XII.

THE PERFUMED VALLEYS OF THE PACIFIC.

COME, breathe th' aroma of these blossoming vales,
These perfumed valleys by the western sea.
Here, Care forgets, and Sorrow sleeps and fails,
Amid the drowsy poppies on the lea;
On tinted hills the fragrant orchards bloom;
The heaped-up fruits are summer's odorous care;
The pungent orange scents the winter air,
And sweet my lady's garden with perfume,
Where bees in honeyed depths themselves entomb.
Come, breathe the soft, salt breezes from the bay,
And mountain zephyrs, redolent alway
With cypress, laurel, and wild, musky bloom.
As wondrous sweet as fabled Araby,
These perfumed valleys by the western sea!

XIII.

THE RAINY MATOLE.

I 've a love for the meadows, the woodlands, the streams,
Surpassing my love for life's follies and dreams;
But a tremor and awe frets my worshiping soul
From the passing of death, life's mysterious breath,
That impregnates the whole.

Where the forests of Humboldt climb down to the sea,
Mount to dim summits, or spread to the lea,
Where long-lingering showers their wide cohorts roll,
There 's an idyllic stream, where the forest gods dream,
Called "The Rainy Matole."

Through the forests of fir, through the forests of fern,
Through the laurels that over the mossy rocks yearn,
Through mysterious shades that send awe to the soul,
Through the willows that weep, where clear pools lie asleep,
Winds the wooded Matole.

'Neath the bracken and brush, round the vine-covered mound,
Creeps the varmint unseen, falls the step without sound;
There the slow-footed bear makes his lonely patrol,
And the deer on the steep their cool coverts keep
On the quiet Matole.

Among
The Redwoods

To the redwoods, tall-masted, the wild pigeons come,
Where the gray squirrel rattles his far-distant drum,
And a myriad wee warblers their silver notes roll,
With the wren in the brush, with the shy, russet thrush,
On the rainy Matole.

There 's a road winding down through the low-skirted yews,
Where the mountain-balm yields you its sacred, sweet dews,
While the blue jay salutes you as if to take toll,
And the blossoming thorn lends perfume to the morn
On the flowery Matole.

There 's a lily as red as the royal red rose,
There 's a lily whose robes in pale beauty unclose;
The tall rhododendrons their gay bells unroll,
While the dogwood throws wide its white bloom as the bride
Of the shaded Matole.

Where the trees stand apart, and the sunlight falls clear,
Stands the wrecked cabin home of the old pioneer;
Blooming vines clamber in, birds and bees have control.
Though deserted and chill, love abides with it still,
On the lonely Matole.

There 's a rose by the hedge, gone astray in the wild,
With the common mint tangles and brake reconciled,

And, a part of the shade, sunshine, showers, — the whole, —
Humming-birds dart and float, emerald-winged, ruby throat,
Up and down the Matole.

A friend once was mine, gentle-eyed as a seer;
One long day was our own by that stream flowing clear.
She unrolled to my vision her life's perfect scroll,
As we walked with the flowers and the fleeting June showers,
On the rippling Matole.

O Lizette! if but once from the ultimate tide
You could come with Death's truth on your lips unbelied,
One sweet moment with you would be years to my soul.
Such a tryst might we keep by some lily-lit steep
On beloved Matole.

XIV.

THE COAST ROBIN.

The prince of Coast singers is startling my ear;
He 's vaulting out, whistling out, loudly and clear,
His wonderful, jubilant, triumphant cheer.

I see his gold breast as he lights in the lane,
The satiny black of his head in the grain,
The flash of his wings overhead in the rain.

So weary am I of the showers in June,
With summer's soft harmonies all out of tune,
And the winds wailing out an old wintery rune.

He cares not,—so busy, so restless, is he,
There, flipping the drops from his gay panoply,
With a double-quick step in the damp filaree.

Now he 's gone to a place in the green alder tree;
"Cavello, cavello,"—"sweet, sweeter,"—says he.
He translates no further his wild jubilee.

"Cavello, cavello," so seems he to say,—
A rollicking, musical, clear roundelay,
Vaulted out in a daring, undalliant way.

He 's flown now, down to a cliff by the shore.
The swells may boom loudly, the surf deeply roar,
He 'll be jubilant over them,—singing his score.

Faintly now, echoing up in the glen,
He 's calling the warbler, the blue-bird, the wren,
To come to him, come to him, meet him again.

I like him, I like him, gay Prince of the West!
He calls up what gladness my heart ere possessed,
I ne'er shall grow old where he makes his dear nest.

In singing my heart so out of its ills,
He has sung the June sunshine back to the hills,
And summer her old golden promise fulfills.

Come hither, come hither, cowed, troubled of men,
Come, follow my whistler into the glen,
Strike the plow to the hills and grow valiant again.

XV.

THE SEQUOIAS.

I WALKED in the long, dark shadows
 Of the redwoods dense and tall,—
They whose arms interlock like brothers,
 The kingliest tree of all.

There stood the pinnacled forest,
 Planted long ages ago,
Old as the lakes and the valleys,
 Father of rivers and snow.

Around were the scents of the laurel,
 The cypress, and fir-balm sweet,—
The oil of the cedar of Lebanon,
 The yarrow, and mint at my feet.

The far-shaken branches were keeping
 The service and sound of a psalm.
How blest was the place to my senses,
 Its beauty, and coolness, and calm!

Red lilies shone out in the shadows
 Like lamps in recesses alight,
While the candles unburnt on the altars
 Were the sacred sweet lilies of white.

Far down through the palmy arches
The wreaths of the satyrs glanced,
As these creatures of olden fancies
In the checkered sunbeams danced.

Here flitted the pale mist-maidens,
From their vestal bowers set free,
Pursued by the swift-winged zephyrs
To their home in the cloudy sea.

From the tangles of vines and mosses
There came the low voices of rills,
Whispering of corn in the valleys,
Of grasses and vines on the hills.

I thought of the luscious red berries,
The nuts of the hazel and pine,
Of travelers through thickets and forests,
Who sought for these bounties divine.

I followed the deep-pooled cañon
Till its stream with the river's blent,
To the rude cabin-home of the woodsman,
To the hunter's white-walled tent.

Here with the wondering children
I sought for the spikenard rare,
The angelica root, and the ginsing,
And the orchid strangely fair.

From his home in a fruited elder,
A flame-crowned oriole sang,
And the hermit-thrush in the distance
His rapturous melody rang.

As I passed from the sheltering forest,
The spirit of Time's lost morn
Came, and commingled its stories
With the legends of years unborn.

* * *

Twice, thrice, did the white thorn blossom
Ere again I returned to that scene;
World-wounded, all eager, I sought for
My cañon's cool chamber of green.

* * *

But where were the mantled warders,
Majestic and silent all,
That kept the courts of the rivers
And the sweet-voiced waterfall?

I saw but a pile of corpses
Where the woful battle had been
Between the lords of the forest
And the myrmidon sons of men.

There lay the forms dishonored,
Lifeless, and black and bare;
And the lilies like funeral flowers
Were burnt in the sun's fierce glare.

L. of C.

The bowlders were hot and barren,
The river lay dry in its bed,
And the wind through the wasted cañons
Kept moaning a plaint for the dead.

There were no rapturous arias
Love's passionate strain to tell,
For the minstrels had fled affrighted
When the foremost chieftain fell.

Down the long ways of the river,
Where Beauty her bowers had kept,
Lay the sullen pools, and the driftwood,
Where the deluge of floods had swept.

And lashed by the blasts of December
And the withering winds of June,
The stark and dust-blown summits
Looked up to the day's dim moon.

* * *

No more in his love, Old Forest,
Will the poet find thy ways,
Or the children bring thee gladness
In the beauty of their days.

The cathedral is gone, and the fortress;
The fields cry out in vain;
And the hosts of want and hunger
Will tent on the desolate plain.

Thou art weighed and wanting, O Nation,
The writing is seen on the wall!
With the scepter and crown of the forest
The kingdoms of men will fall.

XVI.

SAN FRANCISCO BAY.

THE COURT OF THE QUEEN.

A GRACIOUS queen gives court to all the world:
 Fair California, with her robes rolled down
 The unmeasured valleys; her regal crown,
The emerald forests with white lakes impearled;
Her court, yon bay, with curtaining clouds o'ercurled;
 The door, the Golden Gate of old renown;
 While round the court the guarding mountains
 frown,
And ne'er through them the hostile winds are hurled.

The towering peaks as sentinels are seen;
 Two cities fair, as maids of honor stand;
The bristling forts are knights of warlike mien;
 The ships are courtiers sent from every land,
To sue the favor of the gracious queen,
 And wait in stately place to kiss her hand.

XVII.

HAYWARDS.

I CAME to Haywards once,
When the sweet summer wore her yellow gown;
And in the mottled shade of orchards trim,
The weary trees their luscious loads lay down.
How like a dream, I saw thee, pleasant town,
Wrapped in thy warm, enfolding summer air,
Lifting gray walls about thy fruited groves,
As in a garden fair!

I thought of that old poem,
Where once a Peri stood disconsolate,
And envious saw the lights of Eden glowing,
And heard the music through the barrèd gate;
And like the Peri I could drop a tear
To know my feet another path must trace;
And though to gain the groves of earth and sea,
To lose this glorious place.

What must it be to live
Where beauty's soul upon the wind is free!
The roads are avenues, the lanes are bowers,
And orchards sweep the landscape to the sea;
The spicy laurels in the cañons sway,

Among
The Redwoods

The sturdy oaks, in a procession slow,
Come down the steep, their frailer friends to greet,
That in cool gardens grow.

I walked in gardens here;
With gladdened feet the velvet lawns I pressed;
I cooled my finger-tips in pansy-beds,
And pinned the white camellia to my breast;
I saw the roses clambering to the eaves,
The asters, lilies, in a royal row;
And then my heart in lighter mood forgot
Its weariness to know.

Adown the long, cool streets,
On wings of wind the bright bicycle flies,
Whose valiant knight astride will dangers dare
To win approval from some sparkling eyes;
Or, better still, his wingèd steed he halts,
And leans it idly in some shady place,
To tread the courtly square where tennis reigns,
His lady's cause to grace.

The oriole sings here;
The plain brown thrush we call the mocking-bird
Comes shyly from the hills his praise to sing,
In dewy hedges in the twilight heard;
And the gay lark, with breast of velvet-gold,
Who seeks the mountains in the dusty fall,
Loves these deep groves too well, and, lingering,
Leaves them not at all.

How pleasant are these hills,
Dropped gently down unto the cooling west!
On whose long slopes the fragrant piles of hay
In misty, castellated turrets rest.
And in the long, last hours of afternoon,
The crimson torches of the setting sun
Point out those distant peaks to touch them all
With splendor, one by one.

How swift the evening comes!
The gold and crimson fades to tender gray,
And through the orchard shadows long and still
The laborers, joking, take their homeward way;
The farmer, whistling, notes the day's outcome,
The packing-house is locked and left alone,
And, whistling still, he takes his horse and cart
And hurries home.

Perchance in some great house,
Or yon fair cottage on the pleasant hill,
You'll find some childhood friend grown gently old,
With all that life affords brought to his will;
His cattle crowded in the seaward fields,
His garden-places on the upward lea,
The sweetheart of his youth his gracious wife,
Fair children on his knee.

O new and happy land!
No "Locksley Hall" tells here its tale of woe;
No "dreadful hollows by the little wood"

Renew the tears that fain would cease to flow.
There is no need, in this exultant clime,
That wounded lives "drag on with broken wing";
High hope is in the air, and troubled hearts
Find strength to rise and sing.

Once on a summer day,
As in a dream, I saw thee, pleasant town;
I saw thy spires to generous heaven arise;
I saw thy charms, that bring thee great renown;
I saw thy clustered homes in sweet content;
And still I see that deep blue tremulous air
Lifting gray walls about thy fruited groves,
As in a garden fair.

XVIII.

THE OBSERVATORY ON MOUNT HAMILTON.

I saw those amber, cloud-like hills to-day,—
Those blue-veiled mountains east of San José.
 When first upon my sight they sprung
 Above the fair, green valley hung,
They seemed unto my dumb surprise
Like some old amber walls of paradise,
That, long forgotten since that fabled time,
Were now piled up to keep a fairer clime.
 Wrapped in pale azure, near yet dim,
 And tinted with pure tones that rim
The sunset clouds, with purple deeps, and old
Dull ambers, and high lights of sunny gold:—

And so up-piled, this paradise they keep;
 For on yon peak against the cloudless sky
The guarding eye of Science reads the deep,
 The starry paths where vengeful demons fly.

XIX.

AT A COUNTRY INN.

One morn, awak'ning at an inn, I heard
Familiar sounds, such as in days gone by
Came daily to my ear;—the cock's long cry,
The twittering matin of an orchard-bird,
A pigeon's coo, a clucking hen, deterred
By dallying brood, th' alarm of dogs that try
Some undisturbed pedestrian to defy;
Then jars, and hasting steps, as some one stirred
To early toil. And suddenly, how sweet
It was to lie so still, to seem to be
In dear old scenes of precious memory!
And save for sudden tears, that would not stay,
A nobler courage came my care to meet,
And, comforted, I rose and went my way.

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